

THE STELLAR

RAY



A MAGAZINE FOR THE PEOPLE

Devoted to a Solution of the Practical Problems of Life
in the Light of Science, Occultism and Philosophy



The Solar System is One
Great Whole Body Teem-
ing with Life and Motion.



Mutation, Transformation
and Evolution Without
Ending is the Law of Life.

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All orders for subscriptions should be addressed: THE STELLAR RAY, Detroit, Mich.

THE STELLAR RAY

A MAGAZINE FOR THINKERS

Published Monthly at Detroit, Michigan, by

THE ASTRO PUBLISHING COMPANY

HENRY CLAY HODGES, Editor

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—In the United States, Mexico, Cuba and Island possessions of the United States, \$1.00; Foreign, except as noted above, (Six shillings) \$1.50.

Entered at Post Office, Detroit, Michigan, as Second Class Matter.

VOL. XXII

MAY, 1909

NO. 5

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Scorn No Man's Opinions

By HENRY CLAY HODGES.

Speaking of the obstacles to progress, we are impelled to inquire, does ignorance triumph, even for a day? And to reply: No! The seeming power of ignorance to retard advancement simply fortifies and immortalizes the truth it seeks to crush.

Over the ramparts of the fortresses of ignorance and prejudice have all the proclaimers of Truth fought their way. Through derision and persecution humiliating to recall has humanity been taught the benefits to be derived from nature's laws, once believed to be its destructive enemies.

But in no instance has ignorance triumphed even for a day. Is it a triumph to close the mind to great possibilities, to crush by brute force a fellow being whose mind is not cast in a special, circumscribed mold?

The victory has ever and ever will be with the open mind and aspiring soul, even though the valley of humiliation and persecution must first be crossed. The prejudiced mind, while seeming to crush the truth, but more firmly forges the chains of its own limitation and increases the anguish of realization when it comes.

Have the horrors of the Inquisition ceased to vibrate in the minds of its perpetrators? Have the witch burners ceased to writhe with the fires of remorse? No! Cycles of time must pass ere the self-inflicted wounds of despotism may heal. The choice was made, the seed sown; the harvest is not yet winnowed, scorn and condemnation still surge about them.

Because a man thinks he is justified in crushing a fellow-being, he may not be freed from the effects of his mistaken judgment any more than because a man thinks the earth is beneath his feet and steps over the brink of a precipice, he should not suffer for his error. Is it not time that mankind should step warily over the fields of research lest the brink of error,

of persecution and fellow-condemnation be at his feet.

Scorn no man's opinions, but with open mind and aspiring soul turned toward the future, listen, and joyful refrains will greet your ears, proclaiming vast and glorious possibilities for the children of Earth.

This fact is forcibly illustrated in the world's history of the persecution of saints, of scientists, of philosophers and teachers.

Particularly applicable to our subject is an extract from an article by Wm. Walter Atkinson, in the March issue of *Eternal Progress*. The title of the article is "The Father of the Telegraph—Samuel F. B. Morse." After briefly reviewing the years of heart-rending struggle of Samuel Morse with the indifference of nations and influential bodies to the importance of his discovery, together with the privations of poverty and weary toil for a mere subsistence, the writer says:

At last his model was completed and exhibited to friends. It worked—the message from one side of the room, passing through miles of coiled wire, being recorded on the other side. He associated with himself a young man named Alfred Vail, who controlled some means, giving him a one-fourth interest in the invention. The specifications for the patent was filed September 28, 1837.

The public began to be interested. Public exhibitions were given and were thoroughly successful. Then efforts were made to bring the matter to the attention of the United States Government, in order that a line might be built and experiments conducted on a practical scale. But Congress was skeptical—the members shrugged their shoulders and tapped their foreheads wisely. In the meantime Morse went to England in order to secure patents in that country. He met with obstacles, although many leading scientists gave him their full approval and encouragement. Time passed

on. Congress would do nothing. Applications for patents in foreign countries were opposed and delayed. It was nothing but heart-breaking delay, delay, delay for Morse for many long years.

CONGRESS HESITATED

about appropriating enough money to build a line extending over but forty miles. Morse explained with tears in his eyes—but still met incredulity!

Over ten years had passed since the revelation on board the "Sully"; the invention was in working order, but no money was to be had to put it into operation. Some believed, others mocked, while the majority waited to see what would become of it. The session of Congress was drawing to a close—a week was all that remained. At last a bill appropriating \$30,000 for the experiment was introduced. It met with contempt and derision on the part of many of the members of Congress. Some facetious members made amendments that part of the \$30,000 be given to experiments upon Mesmerism, Millerism, and other "isms" of the day. This display of scintillating wit convulsed the House. The reports of the proceedings are punctuated with the mention of, "Laughter," "a laugh," "great laughter," etc., and the remarks of the members form a striking comment upon the lack of intelligence of those making them. Morse sat in the gallery trembling with care and anxiety. At last the bill passed with a margin of but six votes, many refusing to vote on so foolish a subject. At that moment Morse had less than a dollar in his pocket, all he owned in the world outside of his invention. This bill then went to the Senate, where after a struggle it was passed only a few minutes before midnight, the hour of adjournment, it being the last day of the session, March 3, 1843. Work was begun on the experimental line between Washington and Baltimore, about forty miles. The use of underground tubes was at first proposed, but this was afterward abandoned at Morse's suggestion and the first telegraph poles were erected. The National Whig Convention was about to be held in Baltimore and the work was hurried on. By that time 22 miles of the line had been erected from Washington toward Baltimore. The day before the convention met, Morse arranged

that the news of the nominations should be transmitted to Washington over the telegraph, and great excitement was aroused by the announcement. The news had to be carried by car to the end line nearest Baltimore and thence transmitted to Washington by wire.

THE CONVENTION ASSEMBLED.

Henry Clay was nominated to the presidency by acclamation. The news was carried by the railroad to the beginning of the telegraph line and thence immediately sent to Washington. The news of the nomination spread like wildfire, and when the passengers of the train traveled, a full hour later, thinking that they bore the first news, they were chagrined to find that theirs was a stale story. The telegraphing of the nomination of Frelinghuysen as vice-president followed, adding to the excitement and wonder. Many refused to credit it and pronounced the whole thing a fraudulent hoax. In less than a month the entire line between Washington and Baltimore was completed, and on May 24, 1844, the final test was made. Morse, with his friends, gathered in the chamber of the United States Supreme Court in Washington and sent the first message to Baltimore, where Vail received it and sent it back to Washington in a moment's time. The message was, "What hath God wrought!" Morse had made good.

It is now needless to record the future years of struggles, litigation and controversy through which Morse had to pass before his victory was complete. Step by step he was compelled to fight for his patents and the right to his invention, until the highest courts and the highest scientific authorities had decided in his favor. Enough to say that the struggle of the several years after this final test was enough to have broken the spirit and courage of many a strong man. The period of struggle and ultimate victory was succeeded by years of honor for Morse. All countries showered honors and rewards upon him and his name became a household word. Honor, wealth and fame were his. But it is doubtful whether even these things ever could have paid him for his years of struggle, poverty, discouragement and privation. His only real reward lay in the attainment of his ideal, "the making

good of his plan," and that reward came from within, not from without.

Morse bore his honors modestly—no trace of vain glory was there in this man. Success did not spoil him. He rejoiced in the work he had accomplished, but there seemed to be no trace of personal exultation. He seemed to regard himself as but an instrument through which some higher power had worked the miracle. To the last he held that his wonderful invention, which had revolutionized the affairs of the world, was best expressed by the words of that first official message over the completed line—

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!"



Changes in Human Events.

By Henry Clay Hodges.

One is reminded of the rapid movement of human events by glancing backward over the history of the past four score years.

One born in the year 1828, for instance, would appear on the scene of his country's activities about 28 years after the death of George Washington, and a trifle more than two and a half years after the deaths of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the three men who accomplished more to bring about the independence of the United States than any others of their time. This was nine years before Victoria was crowned Queen of England, and Napoleon Bonapart was a prisoner on the Isle of St. Helena but eight years before.

Lincoln and Darwin were only 19 years of age. It was 17 years after Fulton made his first voyage down the Hudson by steam. At that time there was not a foot of iron railroad built in the United States. All travel was by stage-coach, horseback and sailboat transportation. It was 16 years before Morse built his first telegraph line and sent his first message over the wires.

The battle of Waterloo had been fought only 13 years before. There was no Atlantic cable, no telegraph or telephone communication. The present use of electricity and telegraphy were not dreamed of. There was no German Empire, and the German States consisted only of principalities. Louis Napoleon was but 20 years of age.

This was 33 years before the War of the Rebellion, and Roosevelt and Taft with many others who have distinguished themselves, were still in the embryo of the unknown.

When we come to realize what has been accomplished in the line of invention, science and art, and the advance that has been made in the governments of the world within a period of four score years, which has resulted in the betterment of the human race, we pause to ask where we are at, and what of the future?

John Quincy Adams was President (the sixth, including Washington). Following are the names of those who have succeeded to this high office in their chronological order during this period of time, all of whom have passed to the Great Beyond except Theodore Roosevelt:

John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, Wm. Henry Harrison, John Tyler, James K. Polk, Zachary Taylor, Millard Fillmore, Franklin Pierce, Jas. Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, Rutherford B. Hayes, James Garfield, T. S. Arthur, Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt.

We could go on and speak indefinitely of other great changes which have come into view during this long vista of time, but the mind is bewildered as it undertakes to review them." What achievements are in store for humanity during the coming four score years?



Rare Tablet Tells of History's Dawn.

A rare Chaldean tablet, said to indicate a civilization older than that of Egypt, has been acquired by the Walters Art Gallery. This tablet is held by no less an authority than Prof. Frederich De Litzsch, the famous German Assyriologist, to belong to the oddest hieroglyphic period, and is taken as an indication that Chaldean civilization may have preceded the earliest Egyptian.

On the stone are a number of pictographs—writings by means of pictures. Two celebrated students of Assyriology, Fr. V. Schell and Prof. De Litzsch, have recently based interesting dissertations and

conclusions on it. According to Prof. De Litzsch, the hieroglyphics of Egypt show writings in a more advanced stage than the pictograph. Fr. Schell says:

"It is one of the rarest finds of recent years, and opens up a much mooted question concerning the earlier civilization of man. Several milleniums must have elapsed before the pictograph gradually developed into the Cuneiform characters."



The Thunder-Storm.

Mrs. Ida Lyon.

The earth is passive in the sun's fierce glowing;

The flowers, drooping, wait the coming rain.

Out of the west, the thunder, louder growing,

Follows, majestic, in the storm-cloud's train.

The air is still, with stillness awe-inspiring,
Measuring strength of fury yet suppressed;

Blacker the storm-cloud grows, and moves,
untiring,

With forked lightning playing on its crest.

Slowly it swings aloft—the heavens darken,
Shadowing earth, as with a funeral pall;
All living things, with throbbing pulses,
harken,

As, with swift rush, the rain begins to fall.

The trees bow down before the wind's assailing,

The slender sapling and the kingly oak
Yield, sighing, to the mighty force prevailing;

In wild abandon, now, the storm has broke.

The lightning sweeps the sky, in blinding flashes,

Gilding the blackness of the lowering cloud;

Peal upon peal, the rampant thunder crashes,

Waking the echoes with its laughter loud.

A carnival is on, Wisdom's restraining

Waits the good pleasure of the *Mardi-gras*;

Whose reckless king, from no excess refraining,

Revels in mad defiance of the law.

A million demons, drunk with freedom's passion,

Loosed from the confines of some mystic lair,

Hurled by the wind, in true demoniac fashion,

Shrieking, make hideous the rain-deluged air.

But not for long, is such free license given,
The strength of madness is a power soon spent;

To the wild rush of furies, tempest-driven,
Succeeds a soothing calmness, heaven-sent.

A horse lies, dead, where yonder brook is winding

Beneath the shadow of a dripping oak;

His patient soul, enslaved, its freedom finding,

By the swift action of the lightning-stroke.

The sun smiles down, from out a cloud that passes,

With all a lover's wish, earth's tears to dry;

He strews rare diamonds on the quivering grasses,

And paints a rainbow in the eastern sky.



Don't's.

Don't attempt to punish all your enemies at once. You can't do a large business with a small capital. Don't say "I told you so." Two to one you never said a word about it. Don't worry about another man's business. A little selfishness is sometimes commendable. Don't imagine that you can correct all the evils in the world. A grain of sand is not prominent in a desert. Don't mourn over fancied grievances. Bide your time and real sorrow will come. Don't throw dust in your teacher's eyes. It will only injure the pupil. Don't worry about

the ice crop. Keep cool and you will have enough. Don't borrow a coach to please your wife. Better make her a little sulky. Don't imagine that everything is weakening. Butter is strong in this market. Don't publish your acts of charity. The Lord will keep the account straight. Don't color meerschaums for a living. It is simply dyeing by inches.—*Mark Twain.*

"The Stellar Ray is an admirable magazine."—*Lilian Whiting.*

Woodstalk, Vt., March 10, 1909.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed I hand \$2.00, the amount due you for two subscriptions to your wonderful magazine, one for myself and my friend.—*F. P. M.*

The Liver

By HENRY CLAY HODGES

The Digestive Organs Will Respond to the Mind as will the Hand or Foot When the Law is Rightly Applied

It is evident that as the mass of blood becomes loaded with the impurities of the body, it becomes necessary that these should be removed. Here nature steps in and provides a way by means of certain appropriate organs. The principal organs in this connection are four in number, that is, the liver, intestines, kidneys and the skin. In the first of these the blood passes as it returns to the heart through the veins, and here is secreted the yellow matter termed the bile, which is discharged into the intestines and becomes mixed with the refuse of the food to be rejected from the body. Hence the liver may be considered as the great depurator of the human organism, and accordingly exercises a most important office, upon the due action of which the health of the body materially depends.

It is a fact that, if the blood is thoroughly oxygenized by deep, regular breathing and magnetized by thoughts of vigorous, robust health, the liver will perform its function simply and readily.

Walk out in the bracing air, breathe deep, filling the abdominal air passages first by expanding the walls of the abdomen, then of the chest; retain the breath while you bend backward and sideways, pushing

the air further into the inactive air cells of the body, then slowly exhale, and breathe again. Practice this exercise several times each day for fifteen minutes at a time.

Each morning on rising take a tonic bath of cold water, over the chest and abdomen, rubbing dry with a coarse towel. Breathe a few deep breaths and take a glass of freshly drawn water, saying mentally, "This crystal stream shall cleanse my body from all harmful deposits." Hold this thought while you drink and repeat it several times afterward.

By this cleansing thought the vital force has magnetized and sent the water on its mission as surely as though it had been sprayed out of the mouth. The digestive organs will respond to the mind as will the hand or the foot when the law is rightly applied.

The above simple practice will correct inactivity of the liver, and if the mind is open to the fact of its power to direct the vital forces to build and sustain health, the results will be not only gratifying but surprising.

The dome of thought is the palace of the soul, for thought is deeper than speech, feeling deeper than thought.

To be all that one can be in the present hour is to lay the foundation for a fairer world tomorrow. "Believe in health and one creates it. Believe that life is a divine thing, now and here, and one may live divinely. Life is simply the manifestation of spirit, and to keep attuned to sweetness and joy is to radiate joy and loveliness, and to dwell in it as in an atmosphere. To continually live in the divine atmosphere, to be responsive to the leading of the divine spirit, is in no sense a mere form of words; it is the most practical of all experiences. In that atmosphere, in which we may always live, nothing but good can happen. Whatever the changeful phases of experiences, the end is good. It is that of the soul's choice. No conditions, however adverse they seem, need be feared, because the real life is held in the atmosphere of infinite love, infinite joy and infinite peace, and one is led onward to a divine destiny. Over all the world is a wave of spiritual uplifting at the present time. It manifests itself in many directions, and its results are seen in every phase and every plane of life. Within the next decade things more glorious than man has yet dreamed will take form and shape. A divinity is shaping the course of nations as well as of individuals. There is nothing to fear, nothing that should anyone from hopeful, happy endeavor. There is a new divineness in our common life in which all work and aspiration that is true and unselfish and noble will be fulfilled and glorified.—*Lilian Whiting.*

* * *

Headquarters National New Thought Alliance.

687 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

Rev. Henry Frank, the well known author and lecturer, who succeeded Rev. R. Heber Newton, D. D., as president of the National New Thought Alliance, has thrown his energies and influence into the work of the organization, and is eager to co-operate with all kindred organizations and individuals for the purpose of actively advancing the cause which the National Body represents.

To this end it has been decided that Mr. Frank make a tour of the entire country for the next six months, holding meetings

in all the principal cities, and elsewhere, as opportunities present themselves, with the view of affiliating all bodies of New Thought workers with the National Body, who may be desirous of co-operating, the more effectively to propagate this Gospel of Health, Good Cheer, Optimism and Opulence throughout the country.

Rev. Henry Frank is well known. He has for a quarter of a century been prominent among the nation's liberal thinkers and reformers. He is an eminent orator, and his eloquence has moved and swayed thousands of his countrymen.

Auto Suggestion, by Dr. Herbert Parkyn, former Editor of "Suggestion," now The Stellar Ray, is given as a premium with each new subscription to The Stellar Ray.

* * *

Chinese College Introduces Education in Forestry.

China, often called the most backward of nations in the care of natural resources, is to be the scene of a vigorous campaign in the interests of the forests, according to plans for a series of meetings which will be held under the auspices of Boone College, Wuchang, China, at Hankhow, Wuchang and Hanyang. Later there will be meetings in all the large cities and important ports both on the coast and in the interior. Mr. Howard Richards, Jr., the representative in this country of the Chinese college, has been collecting material for these courses, and has just started to China. Several of the photographs showing the effect of deforestation in China, which accompanied the president's last annual message to Congress, form a part of a set of stereopticon views which will be used in illustrating these lectures.

China has probably taken less care of her forests than any other nation of the earth, and this movement to awaken in its people a realization of the importance of the forest comes at an opportune time. Many parts of China are practically desert wastes as a direct result of the destruction of its trees. On account of the erosion which has followed the removal of trees from the slopes, farmers are compelled to

terrace their hillsides, in order to hold enough soil in place for farming, and to build little walls across the valleys to catch the silt which the annual floods deposit. Two centuries ago, many regions of China which are now barren, were paying revenue to their owners. Now the wood supply is so scarce that little poles are used for building houses, and roots and saplings are burned as fuel.

Over three hundred Chinese students, from eleven provinces, are being educated in Boone College for the uplift of their country, and it is expected by those in charge of the proposed course of lectures, that a movement started there will in time spread throughout the Empire.



Be Cheerful.

Always be cheerful, because it promotes the health by exhilarating the physical functions, by stimulating the process of respiration, by oxygenising the blood, by improving nutrition, and by causing the mind to feel confident of success. Charge your mind with feelings of happiness, success, joy and cheer. Remember that the pathway of the soul is not a steady ascent, but a hilly and broken one; and do not become pessimistic, for the pessimist poisons his very blood and darkens the horizon of the sun of joy.—*Health Record*, London, England.



Rational Breathing.

By Henry Clay Hodges.

Note the size of the stomach as compared with the breath organs. The comparison would indicate the rational conclusion that the human organism requires more air than food.

Do we not know that a man can live many days without food, but can sustain life but a few moments without air?

There is but one passage into the stomach, while there are myriads of air passages. The very covering of the body is so porous that if air-tight clothing should be worn death would ensue.

If a child be given a valuable toy or tool, we say "Do not break it nor injure yourself!" We are children of an all-wise

motherhood, provided with the means and the ability to live healthy, safe and happy lives, if we will cultivate our powers of observation and profit by what we see and shall then realize what a marvelous piece of mechanism has been placed in our possession.

Breathe deep and consciously of the vitalizing properties in the air. Say, mentally, "I am breathing God-like health; it shall permeate every atom of my body." Make a practice of this conscious breathing while walking in the open air, also while resting and before and after partaking of food. The practice will vitalize the digestive organs, lighten moods of despondency and open the mind to happiness and the possibilities of health and usefulness that are ours for the taking.



Be Still and Know.

Written for The Stellar Ray.

By E. De Morest.

Be still and know that I am God
When waves of conflict roll,
Be still and know that I can hush
All tumult of thy soul.

Be still and listen for my voice
Which in the silence speaks,
Be still and to thyself receive
My peace to thee who seeks.

Be still and know thy self as well
In thought, in word in deed,
Be still, the silence will reveal
Thy self and all thy need.

Be still, in calm content abide,
Rest in my power divine;
Be still and know thou shalt receive
All things that should be thine.
Los Angeles, Cal.



Vespers.

By Ida Luella Lyon.

Where limpid water runs beside a mill,
All silent now, and falling to decay,
I wander when the voice of day is still
To dream, as in a far-off happy day.

The thrush, the wonders of her dainty
throat
Revealed in grateful song, is silent now,
Her joy in life expressed in thrilling note
Ere she has sought repose on yonder
bough.

The cowslip nods a welcome from the green
As cowslips nodded long, and long ago;
I fancy 'tis the same enchanted scene,
My soul aquiver yet with youth's warm
glow.

Ah, well! 'tis but a shadow that I hold,
My step is falt'ring and my hair is gray,
My pulse-throb is no longer strong and bold
For I have reached the evening of my
day.

But, though the night shall veil from me
The nodding cowslip and the shimmering
stream,
The morrow shall unfold what now I see
As with the halting vision of a dream.



At the Making of Man.

By Bliss Carman.

First Michael's scarlet-suited host
Took up the word and sang.
As though a trumpet had been loosed
In heaven, the archers rang;
For these were they who feel the thrill
Of beauty like a pang.

He shall be framed and balanced
For loveliness and power,
Lithe as the supple creatures,
And colored as a flower,
Sustained by the all-feeding earth,
Nurtured by wind and shower.

To stand within the vortex
Where surging forces play,
A poised and pliant figure
Immutable as they,
Till time and space and energy
Surrender to his sway.

He shall be free to journey
Over the teeming earth,
An insatiable seeker,
A wanderer from his birth,
Clothed in the fragile veil of sense,
With fortitude for girth.

His hands shall have dominion
Of all created things,
To fashion in the likeness
Of his imaginings,
To make his will and thought survive
Unto a thousand springs.

The world shall be his province,
The principedom of his skill;
The tides shall wear his harshness,
The winds obey his will;
Till neither flood, nor fire, nor frost,
Shall work to do him ill.

A creature fit to carry
The pure creative fire,
Whatever truth inform him,
Whatever good inspire,
He shall make lovely in all things
To the end of his desire.

Then Gabriel's host in silver gear
And vesture twilight blue,
The spirits of immortal mind,
The warders of the true,
Took up the theme that gives the world
Significance anew.

He shall be born to reason,
And have the primal need
To understand and follow
Wherever truth may lead,—
To grow in wisdom like a tree
Unfolding from a seed.

A watcher by the sheepfolds,
With wonder in his eyes,
He shall behold the seasons,
And mark the planet's rise,
Till all the marching firmament
Shall rouse his vast surmise.

Beyond the sweep of vision,
Or utmost reach of sound,
This cunning fire-maker,
This tiller of the ground,
Shall learn the secrets of the Suns
And fathom the profound.

For he must prove all being,
Sane, beauteous, benign,
And at the heart of nature
Discover the divine,—
Himself the type and symbol
Of the eternal trine.

He shall perceive the kindling,
Of knowledge, far and dim,
As of the fire that brightens
Below the dark sea-rim,
When ray by ray the splendid sun
Floats to the world's wide brim.

And out of primal instinct,
The lore of lair and den,
He shall emerge to question
How, wherefore, whence, and when,
Till the last frontier of the truth
Shall lie within his ken.

Then all the host of Raphael
In liveries of gold,
Lifted the chorus on whose rhythm
The spinning spheres are rolled,—
The Seraphs of the morning calm
Whose hearts are never cold.

He shall be born a spirit,
Part of the soul that yearns,
The core of vital gladness
That suffers and discerns,
The stir that breaks the budding sheath
When the green spring returns.

The gist of power and patience
Hid in the plasmic clay,
The calm behind the senses,
The passionate essay
To make his wise and lovely dream
Immortal on a day.

The soft Aprilian ardors
That warm the waiting loam
Shall whisper in his pulses
To bid him overcome,
And he shall learn the wonder-cry
Beneath the azure dome.

And though all-dying nature
Should touch him to deplore,
The ruddy fires of autumn
Shall lure him but the more
To pass from joy to stronger joy,
As through an open door.

He shall have hope and honor,
Proud trust and courage stark,
To hold him to his purpose
Through the unlighted dark,
And love that sees the moon's full orb
In the first silver arc.

And he shall live by kindness
And the heart's certitude,
Which moves without misgiving
In ways not understood,
Sure only of the vast event,—
The large and simple good.
—April Atlantic Monthly.

* * *

The Immortal Talisman.

By A. A. Lindsay, M. D.

It is said that a young man of twenty-four, who having in various ways consumed all of his funds, decided in desperation to play his last piece of money at a gaming table.

He played the red, so those who stood by played the black, for they said everyone who ever came there in such despair to play, played to lose, so it was sure gain to play contrary to his selection. Of course he lost, and securing his hat he made hasty steps through the city toward the river, fully determined to drown himself. Arriving there, an old woman as miserable as he, but who preferred begging to self-destruction, accosted him with this remark: "It is pretty chilly to jump into that water, isn't it, and it is so dirty, too." He halted to consider the fact that as it was still daylight he might be rescued, so he would wait until night. In wandering aimlessly about he came to an old shop where everything curious was kept. He went in to while away his time, and getting interested in some rare books was on the point of making an offer for them, when he recalled he had no money and also that he was only waiting for night so he could end his life.

The old man who kept the place noted his mood and led him to confess he had no money and was turning his back on the world, so to distract him a little he began telling him of a unique thing among curios,

A MOST PECULIAR TALISMAN.

This talisman was in the form of an animal's skin, said to be the size of that of a fox. Had a surface that could not be affected by the stiletto the young man tried to pierce it with; an inscription that seemed to have grown in with the skin. The intense inscription read, "Possessing me thou shalt possess all things; but thy life is mine. Wish, and thy wishes shall be fulfilled; but

measure thy desires, according to the life which is in thee. This is thy life, with each wish I shrink even as thy days."

The old man said to the youth, "You see the terms upon which you can become as rich as a king, for I will give you this, which, if you possess, every wish shall be answered, but with getting the wish the skin will shrink and measure your days."

The half-dazed young man accepted the gift and at once wished for a grand dinner with companions and wines and everything for a great debauch, and before he had gone a black friend overtook him and carried him off to engage in the extreme dissipation. His second wish was for

IMMENSE WEALTH

and a notary came up presently and gave him legal ownership of money in abundance. He then measured the skin and found it had commenced to shrink. With every fulfilled wish he had increasing desire to live and awful terror in noting the shrinking of the skin and his rapid approach to the end of his days.

His every experience proved the rigid faithfulness of the talisman in giving all wished for and in its own disappearance. The possessor soaked it in water, took it to chemists, to machinists, to hammers and rollers to have it stretched, all to no purpose, fulfillment with destruction was its inexorable law.

In a few brief months the talisman was consumed and disappeared, and the expiration of the owner's life was simultaneous with it.

IN EVERY HUMAN LIFE

there is just such a talisman as this. Equal in its power, equal in obedience to the will and equal to and alike in self-destruction when the will is not in accord with its principles.

This talisman is the soul, so often in this book called "the builder."

"Possessing this thou shalt possess all," is no truer in the illustration than in the will's attitude toward the soul.

"Measure thy desire according to the life which is in thee" is another appropriate injunction, for the soul has principles of life with which, if the will harmonizes, life will be more abundant and the soul unfold; that is, character will be built, but if the wish (will) be not conformative then

the soul is stultified (shrinks up) and soon will become self-consuming. * * *

I want everyone to know that inherently the soul (mind) is a builder and not a destroyer, and it is only because of its faithful talismanship that makes it even on the destroying side, for it must answer to the wish.

If character grew strong when one wished for that which when granted produced destruction to mind or body, we might say the soul could compromise, but every time it grants a wish not consistent with its principles it declines in the department of character—measures the days of its life so to speak.

Upon the other hand let the will of the man desire that which is perfect harmony with the soul's standards and character comes out strong and glorified, therefore it is inherently a builder. Compelled to destroy anything and it shrinks, is self-destructed, but set it to work to build and it is itself built.

Then the most valuable lesson is in this "Immortal Talisman," since it reveals to us we not only can will consistent with the soul, but must do so to prolong the day, possess all things eternally, and above all can adopt those principles that would cause the immortal talisman to enlarge at the granting of every desire.

Study the laws of the sub-conscious, then, to know how to desire "according to the life that is in thee!"

This Immortal Talisman is all powerful so far as the individual is concerned, yet is guided by the will. It prompts concerning its principles but compels not; it is a faithful bestower in answer to desire, and any ideal may become real.—*From Mind the Builder. See Book Department for descriptive notice.*

For Sale—Best tile mill in Ohio. Price \$6,000, or will accept farm. 182½ acres in Coshocton county, Ohio, well improved, \$30 an acre. Best 160 and 200 acres in Southern Michigan. Best improved 300 acres in Tennessee. Stock of millinery in city of 100,000, price \$1,500. Stock of general merchandise. G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio, the man who can sell your property no matter where located.

The Cardinal Principles of Social Life

By MARGARET LE GRANGE

Regarding the Domestic, Social, Professional and Religious Life, each fosters a different set of faculties, and to learn how to quickly readjust ourselves for the duties of each, would be wonderfully advantageous to us.

THE DOMESTIC LIFE

calls forth the *natural* man. Home life is the soil in which the Natural Man is planted as a seed, to be nurtured and brought forth into flower by the sunlight, of truth, love and appreciation. Harmony, health, mirth, love, etc., etc., should abound in the Domestic Life. Here there should ever be a refining process going on by the seeing and calling into expression, by each member, the beauty and perfection of the unfolding spirit. As all other spheres of activity depend so much upon the harmonious and well-conducted Domestic Life, let us more fully appreciate its privileges and opportunities for loving service, for the expressing of that which we are.

THE PROFESSIONAL LIFE

demands much of us. We must understand our business and not profess to be that which we are not. Therefore, Honesty we will consider as the first angle; a knowing what we are able to do and doing it. Many young men are obliged to give up the profession into which they enter, because Honesty compels them to admit that they are not fitted for that particular calling. Perhaps external influences have caused them to make a wrong choice, when they should have been free and depended upon Self, the Creator Man, for guidance and a vocation of natural choice undertaken. Honesty is essential if we would win a crown. We must have that self-assurance which comes from one's knowing himself to be particularly fitted to do a particular work. We demand a finished product in the Professional Life.

PATIENCE.

Now, if, as we say, all things are ours now, why must we wait? Well, there is

something in nature that abhors a child carrying a great burden. As fast as you unfold the capacity for receiving and rightly appropriating, all good will externalize around you. We cannot sit idly down and wait. One who thinks the world owes him a living, better, as someone has said, "Go out and lick the world and wring it out of it." It takes time, but each one is making or calling into expression these laws which govern this matter of time. It takes patience and a keeping at things. Genius is that ability to stay when everything and everybody says go. The moment when success knocks at the door is often when one is in the depths. The hour of triumph is that hour when we have believed in Self when everyone else has said there is nothing there.

CHEERFULNESS

not mirth, that is for the Domestic Life. The ability to smile. It may at times mean some effort, but it is worth while. Whatever your business, cultivate poise and good-fellowship which will enable you to smile. Radiate warmth and that nice consideration for all which is ever spontaneous and in evidence in the truly cultured person. Cheerfulness keeps man keyed up to his best. Being cheerful keeps us active. Activity attracts active atoms and these create vitality, which means greater life, and life means motion.

HONOR

Honesty is truthfulness to Self, but by Honor, we mean truthfulness to others. By Honor, I mean the preservation of others; by Honesty, the preservation of Self. The mineral becomes vegetable when the vegetable reaches down and lifts it up. Now we cannot go from one cycle to another without aspiring, and a letting go of that which keeps us dense and earthy. The voice of the Spirit is ever saying "Come up higher." "Manifest to the world your truer, finer nature." The joy of finer service, more fully meeting your obligations to humanity,

will more than compensate for sacrifices you are called upon to make, which in reality does not mean a giving up, but a bringing into requisition more of yourself. The day is coming when Honor will ask of every man just what he has given to the world. We are here to radiate all that is implied by the word Divinity, which is within. How much have you loved today; how many genuine smiles, acts, etc?

Unspotted from the world means Self-Revelation. When we attain to this, we know that nothing, no influence, can add to or take from this Self. We may ever give and express the resources of the Spirit, but this I AM, this Son of God, the Creator Man, is ever perfect, pure and at-one-ment with the Illimitable, its source. Do not apologize for being good. Let people see us as we are. If we are misjudged or misunderstood, we can generally set them right and establish and preserve that harmonious relationship which must sooner or later prevail. Each one is a UNIT in the one great UNITY.

HONOR EXACTS OF US

that we give to the world the thing we are. Be your best and give to the world that which *no one else can give*. Else why are you here? Each one has some particular mission, if only to refine the crude elements around him; to live so bravely and courageously as to leave fewer thorns and rough corners, that others following may live more happily. Do your work truly, nobly. Never mind the critic. He most invariably is sitting down looking up at the thing he criticizes. Again, many conceive of a year's work and believe they have but a day to do it in. No use trying to construct the upper story before you get the foundation laid. There is time enough. Get more joy out of each day and do not try to do the work another should be doing. There is no excuse for being so grasping. Give others a chance to live. You are no more important than they.

You do no good with your criticisms and fault-finding. Love, appreciate and encourage your fellows for the good they manifest today and, depend upon it, there will be a finer demonstration on the morrow.

GROUCHY PEOPLE ARE LIKE VINEGAR.

They have become insipid and gone sour; but vinegar is good for some purposes; so

are such people. They, like the drunkard, are signboards directing and warning us that we may take a happier way. The dishonorable man is perfect in *his* nature and is our brother. The transgression is his own, not of the Creator Man, his real Self. Let him, like the others, tell you of the dangerous places, but do not condemn him. If you are lovable, you will be loved; and your light, radiating in dark places, will enable your brother to perceive the better way; and your hand (God's hand), ever clasping his by your right attitude toward him, will sometime be welcomed by him when his lessons are thoroughly learned and he is willing and ready to come up higher. Again I say love everyone and everything; they are all a part of the One Perfect Whole. See and dig deeply into the realities of life, and these surface matters will take on a different hue. This cross of the Professional Life I commend to you. Carry it nobly and the crown will surely follow.

SOCIAL LIFE.

There are four cardinal principles: Sincerity, Broadmindedness, Courteousness and Loyalty. Life is made up of a succession of adjustments, as has been said. In the readjustment necessary in passing from the Domestic to the Professional or Social Life, and vice versa, avoid abruptness and the mixing up of the Professional requisites, so to speak, with these other spheres of action: e. g., mirth, etc., etc., belong or should be expressed in the home. Take a moment's time and sense not only what you wish to manifest there, but your actual responsibility in the home and what is expected of you. Then be worthy of that responsibility. The same with the Social Life. Be real, be true and appreciate your privilege at all times of representing that which is ideal in your consciousness. Don't try to avoid the place where gossiping is the main feature, for there is where you are needed to elevate the conversation and introduce things worth while, etc., etc. The responsibility of the Social Life is one which all must liquidate.

BROADMINDEDNESS.

We are all different. Some like this and some that. We have diverse gifts. The pessimist keeps us from being overly en-

thusiastic. The irritable man is only vinegar, and vinegar is necessary. Are your tastes all cultivated? How can you say, "I don't like that man?" Our part is not to dislike, to ignore, or consider anyone unworthy of our friendship and our service in such ways as the Spirit of Love may require. We are not here to band together in cliques. * * *

COURTEOUSNESS.

Prime motive of Society is to gain union toward definite principles. * * * True manners necessitate that we make various sacrifices gracefully. Our Social obligations demand that we bring out the best in all. Can you not see that abruptness and sharp corners must be avoided in order to bring about a union. To hold your opinions strongly need not mean making others feel antagonistic. Avoid abruptness, pointedness, smugness, separateness, superlativeness. Make it easy for everyone to express himself. The man who knows himself forgets himself in the great obligation he owes others.

LOYALTY.

We must be true to the faith; hope and love others place in us. We may know we aren't worth, and may think we have given them no cause for, such esteem, for their exalted opinion; but our obligation demands that we be loyal, just the same, and measure up to their estimation of us. And remember, our Creator Man has been waiting for that keen seeing of our friends, and our loyalty to Self as well as to our friends demands that we persevere, at least, in becoming that thing which they see, in externalizing those virtues which they see in us. Many are doing worse than the Chinese with their feet; they do not aim for or choose that natural expression, the becoming or manifesting more each day of that which they really are. If others' love demands a truer creature than we are, be loyal to them; and if they expect favors of us, we should, as far as we may, assume a portion of their burden.

As we are unfinished products, we always need the quiet of the home as much as we may have, as the advantages and unfold-

ment there cannot be gotten in these other spheres of activity.

A unification of and one-ness with your Creator Man, your true Self, as a Son of God, ever at-one-ment with the Father, will open up fields of usefulness beyond your comprehension, and make your life a circular one.



The Light of Conscience.

Miss Martha Shepard Lippincott, Moorestown, Burlington County, N. J.

Do the right and fear no thought
That another may express;
Who your conscience has not taught
And your life may never bless.
Do what conscience says is right,
Then life's safest rule is yours,
And you follow in the light
That forevermore endures.

Men will differ and may change,
And if, then, you seek to please,
You may often think it strange
That you find no path of ease;
For no matter what you do,
Some will think it is not right;
So to your own souls be true,
Then you'll follow God's own light.



The Aura.

Around each one there is a luminous mist which corresponds to the atmosphere around the earth. In this atmosphere, called the aura, the thoughts, good and bad, strong and weak, are imprinted. The body corresponds to the earth, the emotions to the dew and rain. The mental conditions are like the wind, while the spiritual acts as the sunshine, in vitalizing the reality of self.—*Science and Key of Life.*

Do not waste a minute—not a second—in trying to demonstrate to others the merit of your own performance. If your work does not vindicate itself, you cannot vindicate it.—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

Psychic Research

The following incidents are extracts from the report of the American Psychical Research Society, Vol. III, No. 3, pages 195 to 198.

All communications to the Society of Psychical Research should be addressed to Dr. James H. Hyslop, 519 West 149th street, New York City.

Boston, April 18, 1907.

Prof. James H. Hyslop.

Dear Sir:—During the past two years I have been interested in psychic phenomena to the extent of reading everything I can on the subject, and knowing your interest in recording occurrences out of the normal, I enclose the following experience, which I think sufficiently curious to be worth recording. If at any time you should wish to publish it, I prefer that my name should be suppressed, owing to my public position and the curiosity seekers such publication would attract. The manner in which I came to take an interest in such matters, may perhaps be worth telling you.

A copy of the book, "Mrs. Piper and the Society for Psychical Research" was among a number I was examining, before they were ready for the public. I had never read anything on Spiritualism, having only the vaguest idea of the subject. As I flipped the pages, I read a sentence here and there which seemed so interesting that I concluded to read the book and took it home that evening. It proved of absorbing interest. As I read of George Pelham there flashed before my mental vision the face of a man whom I used to see at the old Library on Boylston street, perhaps a dozen years ago, named George P——, and whom I did not remember seeing for some time. I could not dissociate this George P—— from the George Pelham of the book and did not know the reason why. In the morning I looked up George P—— and found he had died, ten years ago, I think it was, from a fall from his horse. This was such startling information (I am quite sure I did not know it before) that I wrote to Mr. Hodgson ask-

ing if George Pelham and George P—— were the same, and telling him the reason for my query. He answered that I was correct. That the name had been changed for family reasons. Of course the similarity of the names may have caused me to make a guess, but why should the man's face appear?

Since then, time after time, I have tried to recall that face to my memory, but without success. My memory refuses to bring it back.

About that time, it was three years ago, I was very much worried and also very unhappy over the conduct of a near relative and not in good physical condition, which may have accounted for my susceptibility. But always, from a child, I have had a peculiar prophetic clearness of vision in regard to people, which when acted upon is invariably correct. As my work is helping people find what they want and don't know, suggesting and supplying material on every conceivable subject, naturally such faculties are fully developed.

In the hope that my communication may be of service to you in your researches, I remain

Very truly yours,

Agnes C. B——.

Mediumistic.

[The following incident is difficult to classify. I have described it as mediumistic because those who seem so qualified often exhibit precisely the phenomena here mentioned. I was not able to secure Miss Whiting's confirmation at the time and it is now too late to trust implicitly any corroborative statement. Nor does it make any special difference, since no evidential incident is involved. What has interested

me has been the fact of the experience by Miss B—— which is so common among those mediumistically constituted.—Editor.]

The following narrative may also be of some interest as it can be substantiated:

One evening the past October, I dined with Miss Lillian Whiting at the Brunswick, in this city. After dinner we sat in her apartments and chatted of various matters, commonplace and literary. She extinguished the electric lights as we both wished to watch the spurt of flame which at intervals shot upwards from the gas works across the river in Cambridge, and which Miss Whiting said she had named "her Vesuvius." I had heard from others of some curious psychic experiences which Miss Whiting said she had with the spirit of Kate Field, deceased. I knew there was such a book as "After Her Death," but I had never read it and knew nothing of its contents. As conversation lagged, I asked Miss Whiting to tell me something of her experiences with the deceased Kate Field. She did, and told me, with a few variations, what is contained in the book mentioned above. I was very much interested to hear the story from Miss Whiting. Near the close of the narrative, for an instant, I had a curious numb feeling run through my left arm, similar to the shock experienced from grasping the handles of an electric battery. It was such a strange happening that when Miss Whiting finished I told her of it, and her reply somewhat staggered me, for she said, "Oh, yes, Kate is here, I felt her. That's how I know. She doesn't mean to give that little shock, but she can't help it." I could hardly accept it with the same equanimity that Miss Whiting did. Never before nor since has the same feeling come. As I was resting easily in a comfortable chair, it could not be numbness resulting from cramp—it did not last long enough.

Another experience in which Miss Whiting participated. Sometime in November of the past year, I do not remember the exact date, Miss Whiting left Boston for Italy to remain indefinitely. Although we are friendly there has never been any great intimacy, not enough to keep her constantly in my thoughts. December 8 was a very busy Saturday and I was occupied as usual with many people and var-

ious questions, but during the greater part of the day the thought of Miss Whiting was ever present. I made a mark on my calendar and remarked to myself that she must have been thinking of me at that time. December 24th I received a letter from her, and the date of the letter head was "December 8, 1906, on board S. S. Republic." Unfortunately I have thrown away the calendar, but still have the letter. The incident was so marked and seemed such a good example of telepathy that I related it to Miss Whiting in my answer.

Agnes C. B——.

A Curious Coincidence.

May 11, 1907, 1:40 P. M.

About five minutes ago, as I was not very busy, the thought occurred to me to look up the library number of Dr. Morton Prince's book on "The Dissociation of a Personality" and if it looked interesting to take it home over Sunday. While using the catalogue drawer and when just about to write the number on a slip, a man, evidently a messenger from someone, handed me a library card over which was a slip of paper on which was written a request that a life of Tennyson in one volume, if not in one, in two, be sent, also a critical work on Tennyson by Wilfred Mustard. I looked up the umbers in the catalogue, found the library did not have the work by Mustard, all the while keeping the memorandum over the library card. It is customary to write for messengers on the library slip the name on the card, and this I proceeded to do, when much to my surprise found that the card name read "Dr. Morton Prince, 458 Beacon street."

Agnes C. B——.

Read, consider, write. Cupp's Advertising Bureau, Mansfield, Ohio, is placing a five-line ad. in about 60 magazines for \$1.00 and giving a gold fountain pen or a safety razor or a \$1,000 traveling accident policy. Write for information.

\$1,000 traveling accident policy free. Stamps for particulars. G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio.

Department of Psychical Sciences and Unfoldment.

By J. C. F. GRUMBINE, B. D.

Fellow of the Society of Science, Letters and Arts, London, Eng.

Most persons are of the opinion that mediumship and psychical powers are the same. No greater mistake could be made. In fact, it is this mistaken idea which has deterred so many from making any effort to unfold supernormal powers. They have said and still say that if mediumship is a gift, how is it possible to unfold what one does not possess? This objection would be a strong one were it true, but the fact is that persons who possess psychical powers do not necessarily possess sufficient mediumship to be of use, even if it were unfolded. Not one out of 50,000,000 is a medium, and many who have fragmentary mediumship could not make it available for scientific purposes. Mediumship is a function of the human organism which makes the possessor able to manifest abnormal phenomena. Supernormal phenomena are not abnormal but are those which are above the normal, which any one can unfold and which yield to consciousness, the will, free of obsessions, or trance, and appear independently—that is, as the result of one's own effort.

The simplest way of explaining these powers is the wisest. We see, hear, smell, taste, and touch, normally, and these senses associate us with the material world about us. But when it is remembered that it is the "I" that senses, and not the particular sense, that it is the divine or spiritual part of us that senses, rather than the material, then the scope and soundness of the claim which we make for our psychical powers and their unfoldment will at once appear. Back of the sense powers or apparatus is the psychical correspondency termed the supernormal, and the spiritual, and it is because of this that what we claim is pos-

sible. In fact, all that is here spread before the reader has been demonstrated over and over again, so that it is not as though we were advancing a new theory or an untried doctrine, but we are stating only what is scientifically demonstrable.

In the new psychology much more is done than the world at large is aware of. In fact, the ordinary student or lay mind who accepts the old psychology, and limits his mind by the canons of the old, is now forced to revise his psychological science. True, not much of this new material has yet found a place within the covers of the text books on psychology, but this is not because the new is not true, but because psychological scientists go slow, and are not given to radical reform. Such men as Munsterberg, James and others are very conservative. But they know, as does such a brave man as Hyslop, that Spiritualism is true. The facts alone are staggering enough, to say nothing of the hypothesis.

Now there is a supernormal power called psychical which I have seen fit to name "sensitiveness," which lies at the base of all psychical and spiritual development. In fact, it lies at the base of the unfoldment of even mediumship. Sensitiveness is more than emotional susceptibility or sensation. It has little to do with sensation, except to show that there is within us a function of apprehensiveness, more real and powerful than any normal power. It apprehends visions, voices, ideas, facts which lie beyond the sense world, and which impinge on the subjective side of the normal world, yet never enters it. It is a psychic sense, which is fundamental to all clairvoyance, clairsentience and clairsaudience, and on it may be established a superlative science of

a supernormal life, in which the consciousness of the immortality of the soul, intercommunion and intercommunication between the two worlds will be the most natural facts of being. Some pioneer teachers like Denton and Buchanan have called this power psychometry, and while it is a good name for its office, it does not explain it. Sensitiveness is spiritual feeling. We feel spiritually, before we feel sensuously, for it is this feeling which becomes by action or habit adulterated and involved in material sensations.

(To be continued.)

* * *

Good Cheer—God's Medicine.

By Oliver Sweet Marden.

"Mirth is God's medicine, everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all the rust of life—ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

"Talk happiness. The world is sad enough without your woe."

If people only knew the medicinal power of laughter, of good cheer, of the constant unrepressed expression of joy and gladness, half the physicians would be out of work. Did not Lyncurgus set up the god of laughter in the Spartan eating-halls because he thought there was no sauce like laughter at meals?

Laughter is undoubtedly one of nature's greatest tonics. It brings the disordered faculties and functions into harmony; it lubricates the mental bearings and prevents the friction which monotonous, exacting business engenders. It is a divine gift bestowed upon us as a life-preserver, a health-promoter, a joy-generator, a success-maker.

LAUGHTER, LIKE AN AIR CUSHION, eases you over the jolts and the hard places on life's highway. Laughter is always healthy. It tends to bring every abnormal condition back to the normal. It is a panacea for heart aches, for life's bruises. It is a life prolonger. People who keep themselves in physical and mental harmony through hearty laughter are likely to live longer than those who take life too seriously.

In order to become normal, the natural

fun-loving forces within us must be released. Laughter is one form of exercise which sets them free, rescues men from the "blues." * * * American life is so serious that many men lose their power to laugh. They can force a little sepulchral chuckle, but the genuine side-shaking laughter is almost a stranger to their experience. They are in such a chase after the dollar, their life is so strenuous, so given to scheming and planning, that they do not have much time to laugh. They do not know the medicinal value there is in the habit of laughter, how it clears the cobwebs out of the brain, disposes of the fangs of worry and anxiety and business pressure, takes the mind off the grind of things, removes friction, and helps to make life worth while.

To people who have lost the laughing habit I would say: Lock yourself in your room and practice smiling. Smile at your pictures, furniture, looking-glass, anything, just so the stiff muscles are brought into play again.

In a corner of his desk Lincoln kept a copy of the latest humorous work, and it was his habit when fatigued, annoyed or depressed, to take this up and read a chapter for relief. Humor, whether clean, sensible wit or sheer nonsense—whatever provokes mirth and makes a man jollier—is a gift from Heaven.

LAUGHTER IS A VERY IMPORTANT ELEMENT IN A SUCCESSFUL CAREER.

Many a man who could have been a success sleeps in a failure's grave today because he took life too seriously. He poisoned the atmosphere about him, so that it became unhealthy, and paralyzed his own powers.

"The power of cheerfulness to do good," says Dr. Sanderson, " * * * is not an artificial stimulus of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life-giving influence throughout a normal channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eye, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner force by which life is sustained. The blood circulates more freely, the oxygen comes to its

home in the tissues, health is promoted and disease is banished."

One of the most successful physicians in Boston gives very little medicine. His merry face and cheerful disposition take the sting out of pain. He replaces despair with hope, discouragement with confidence and a cheerful reassurance, so that the sick feel a decided uplift in his presence and are filled with a stronger determination to get well.

Too many of us dry up and get stale, uninteresting and abnormal from lack of the development of the cheerful habit. There is no one thing which will do so much for the life, health, for happiness, as the cultivation of the cheerful habit, the habit of flinging out one's joy and gladness everywhere, radiating good cheer. * * *

Why should not having a good time fill a part of our daily program? Why should not this enter into our great life-plan? Why should we be serious and gloomy because we have to work for a living?

There is a moral as well as healing influence in things which amuse and make us enjoy life. No one was ever spoiled by good humor, but tens of thousands have been made better by it. "Fun is a food as necessary to the wholeness of man as bread."

THERE SEEMS TO BE A SUBTLE FLUID FROM HUMOR AND FUN

which penetrates the entire being, bathes all the mental faculties and washes out the brain ash and debris from exhausted cerebrum and muscles. We have all experienced the transforming, refreshing, rejuvenating power of good, wholesome fun.

Many people make anything like joy or happiness impossible by dwelling on the disagreeable, the unfortunate, unlucky things of life. They always see the ugly, the crooked, the wrong side of things.

Cheerfulness is one of the great miracle-workers of the world. It reinforces the whole man, doubles and trebles his powers, and gives new meaning to his life. No man is a failure until he has lost his cheerfulness, his optimistic outlook. The man who does his best and carries a smiling face and keeps cheerful in the midst of discouragements, when things go wrong and the way is dark and doubtful is sure to win.

"Laugh until I come back," was a noted clergyman's "Good-bye" salutation. It is a good one for us.—*Extracts from Peace, Power and Plenty. See Book Department.*

* * *

A Correction.

In the April STELLAR RAY, an article entitled "Physical Phenomena at a Private Circle," by William James, should have been credited to the report of proceedings of the American Society of Psychical Research. All orders for subscriptions to the Journal of the Society or letters to the Society should be addressed to Prof. James H. Hyslop, 519 West 149th St., New York City.

* * *

A Wonderful Eye Remedy.

For years past we have been advertising the Actina, a small, but powerful appliance used in diseases of the eyes and nasal passages. It is sold by the Actina Appliance Co., Kansas City, Mo., a company which we know and believe to be reliable and trustworthy. A few days ago they sent us the following testimonial, which is worth printing:

Norfolk, Va., Feb. 11, 1908.

Actina Appliance Co.

Dear Sirs:—For five years I suffered with ulceration of the cornea. I was treated by some of the oculists of Baltimore, Norfolk and Atlanta, receiving only temporary relief.

An eminent Bishop seeing me when my eyes were at their worst suggested that I try the "Actina." I did so, feeling that it was a last resort. When I began its use my eyes were in such a condition that I could not bear the light and could not use them at all. In a few weeks the inflammation had disappeared entirely, and the ulcer was well. After three or four months I began to use my eyes, and have used them constantly ever since. I was also wearing glasses for Astigmatism but have discarded them since using the "Actina."

I am a perfect marvel to those who knew my condition, and I always recommend the "Actina" to those whom I see suffering with their eyes. I feel great confidence in

the "Actina" and great gratitude for the relief it has brought me.

I take pleasure in giving you this testimonial. Very sincerely, Miss Jennie P. Sledd, 822 40th St.

They show a number of other testimonials just as good as this in a 64-page book which also contains interesting articles on disease of the eye, ear, head and throat. This book will be sent free. Address the Actina Appliance Co., 206 Curtice Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

* * *

Excerpts From Revelations of the Life Beautiful.

By M. Evalyn Davis.

The substance of the Universe is spirit—harmonious, intelligent Activity, of which our bodies are the visible expression. Consequently disease and un-rest have no foundation from which to manifest, save in-so-far as, through ignorance of the law, we fail to work along the line of Harmony.

Harmony is the established order, the never-changing law of the Universe; hence Intelligent Power is eternally present.

Every cell of my being is now absorbing the infinite revelations of the Universal Harmony. This Life exalting stream flowing through the avenues of my being, floods me with new life, thrilling every fibre into newness and perfection of activity.

Great centers of Intelligence are not dependent upon others for their peace of mind.

The soul that realizes its identity with the Infinite and Eternal Intelligence of the Universe, has gained absolute freedom and boundless power.

Thou art the Universe in concentrated effort, Evolved Conscious Intelligence. The wisdom of ages, the Creative Love, the Life pulsating throughout the Limitless Universe, the Power which Controls All, is within thee.

You leave an impression with every thought you think. Like tiny rippling rills of water they steal unconsciously out to mingle in the Great Ocean of Thought on which mankind travels.

When awakened to the Harmonious Law of the Universe, you will find you are dwelling in the boundless Ocean of Life, with all the Forces around you seething

with Love, Faith and Charity. This awakening to the Powers that be, means everything to the soul of man. Sources of great strength are being turned into channels of earth-consciousness, removing all obstacles to man's development.

Every moment, this moment, is the one supreme moment of my life.

The temple is the soul; the lights in the temple are the thoughts. The radiation from these lights is the carrying of the Christ message into all the world.

M. Evalyn Davis, 249 Wilcox Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

* * *

How to Tell Clean Milk.

"Clean milk," says Woman's Home Companion for April, "has no distinct flavor—simply a sweet, pleasant taste. If any flavors are present they are artificial. A test for the sanitary condition of milk is as follows: Take a pint of milk as it is received from the milkman, pour off a few spoonfuls, to facilitate shaking, and place in a panful of warm water, 95 to 100 degrees; when thoroughly warm throughout, add one rennet tablet which has previously been dissolved in one spoonful of water, and shake, then set away in a warm place for a few minutes. When curdled, cut the curd thoroughly with a knife, to let out the whey. Let stand for a few minutes, drain off all whey possible, and continue to pour off the whey as it accumulates. There will then be a lump of compact curd. Cut this in two with a knife, so that it will fall out. The character of this curd will show very clearly the sanitary quality of the milk. If spongy and full of numerous holes, undesirable forms of bacteria, particularly those that produce gas, are present. This class of bacteria is considered by authorities to be one of the causes of epidemic diarrhea. If firm and smooth, with few or no holes, the milk is clean and has been handled in a sanitary manner. This test may be continued further by placing the curd back in the bottle and filling half full of water. If the curd floats it indicates that the milk is unclean; if it sinks, the milk is reasonably clean."

I make a specialty of writing follow-up letters. G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio.

The Swastika Success Club

FOR

Success'



Seekers

The Swastika Success Club was started a few years ago by a few success seekers who wished to aid each other mentally and to create an atmosphere of SUCCESS VIBRATIONS. The Swastika Success Magazine was the club organ and its object was to teach the right mental attitude for obtaining success. The club has had a steady growth and now numbers many hundreds who have enlisted. Every state in the Union, Canada, Mexico, England, Holland, India, China and many other places are represented. Our chain of SUCCESS SEEKERS now encircles the globe. Many have been helped by the club.

A small fee of only 25 cents a year was charged at first, as we wished only to meet expenses and not to exclude any who needed our help. Then it was decided to take a limited number of Life Members for \$1.00 each.

The great power of THOUGHT is now acknowledged by all thinkers. Even doctors and ministers are beginning to believe in and practice mental healing to a great extent.

The Bible teaches that when several agree in asking for anything they receive it. Every member is requested to say once a day: "SUCCESS TO EVERY MEMBER OF THE SWASTIKA SUCCESS CLUB." When any member wishes to realize any particular desire, he can ask each member of the club to hold special success thoughts for him.

Success is not only in obtaining money. Some of the most successful people are not rich. They had other desires. One of our members joined when he was trying to raise money for a big deal. He not only succeeded but in a short time cleared several thousand dollars he had not counted on at all. Another member has lately ob-

tained a desire that has been in her heart for years. The club has already taken some from poverty to comfort. It has helped many. It will help you. Won't you unite with us? Send a stamp for full particulars, or \$1.00 for Life Membership, Affirmation Card and Club Badge. We wear the Swastika to remind us to expect only the GOOD.

Every reader of THE STELLAR RAY who joins in May will receive six beautiful Swastika post cards.

SWASTIKA SUCCESS CLUB,
Manassas, Va.

All members of the Swastika Success Club are requested to take the following affirmation for May. Study it.

"I will hold steadfast to all that is TRUE."

All paid up subscribers for the "Swastika Success Magazine" will now receive THE STELLAR RAY in its place. We hope all will be pleased to receive a fine monthly magazine and get much good from it. The members of the Swastika Success Club will now enjoy a monthly letter which will bring us in closer touch and enable us to help the members more. We can now help you through the League in a great many ways. Do you wish by a little work or money to secure a university education? Or a mail course free, in any branch. Do you want to provide a home for your old age, or a support if you have a home? Do you want an income for life? Do you want any book to read? Or good music? Members helped to build homes, in business and many ways. The League helps its members to make money at home. All members of the S. A. J. A. can learn all about journalism. Write for particulars and how we help our members.

SWASTIKA SUCCESS CLUB,
Manassas, Va.

Were You Born In the Zodiacal Sign Taurus?

Were you born in the Zodiacal sign Taurus? If you were born between the 20th of April and the 20th of May, the sun was in the Zodiacal sign Taurus, and you will recognize some of the following characteristics as your own, although the influence of the sign rising at birth and of other planets in the natal chart modify the sun's influence.

The Taurus nature is warm-hearted and affectionate, also firm, patient and obstinate; is ambitious and desirous of assuming a prominent position in life. This influence may lift the native up and give him the favor of those in authority, or in a higher sphere of life.

He is generally free and generous, although at times the opposite tendency is

shown and he is extremely careful of money matters. In a bad horoscope, there may be notoriety instead of fame and a bad temper instead of firmness.

But a native of this sign has a great range of capabilities, for he is endowed with keen insight and is full of inspiration and great spirituality. He also is endowed with dignity and self-control, if the planetary influences do not counteract that of the sun. Artistic sensibility and ability to learn several lines of artistic work.

The native has a logical mind and many of the best judicial and legal individualities are born in this sign.

This nativity should marry one born in the regions of its solar polarity, Scorpio, or of its chord, Pices.

Messages From The Dead

By W. F. STEAD

An Experiment in Split Messages

After the publication of the article in the September number of the "Review of Reviews," Sir William Crookes sent a message to me through a friend, suggesting that I should try a series of messages from Myers on the cross-reference principle. I at first refused, but afterwards consented, and suggested to my friend Miss K. that she should ask what Myers himself thought about it. She received a communication signed by Mr. Myers, suggesting that for the next fortnight she and I should make experiments to see whether we could receive from him sentences in actions—that is to say, he would write with her hand every morning the first half of the sen-

tence, and an hour later write the concluding half of the sentence with my hand. Miss K. lived at Stockwell. I was at that time living at Ealing, confined to the room, where I was undergoing massage and electric treatment. Every morning for fifteen days Miss K. took the first half of the message at Stockwell, from 9 to 9:30, and every day I took the second half of the sentence in my bedroom at Ealing, from 10 to 10:30. We then communicated the result to each other by postcards that crossed in the post.

Out of the fifteen sentences thus delivered in halves eleven fitted perfectly; between the other four was a gap, which

Myers explained had been left in order that it might be filled in by two other writers, to whom he was communicating unknown to us, and who may be unknown to each other, but whom he was endeavoring to impress with the thought that they ought to send their messages on to me. They have not done so, so these four sentences may be eliminated for the moment. The other eleven, however, fit together perfectly. I will only quote the last, the fifteenth, which came on September 28th. The first half of the sentence, written at 9:20, at Stockwell, by Miss K., runs as follows:

"The reward of the patient and sincere investigator is only delayed, though——"

The second half of the sentence, written by my hand, at Ealing, runs thus:

"When you realize the results which will follow the scientific realization of the persistence of the personality after the change we call death you will marvel that you care to waste time on any other study."

Of course, I do not for a moment put forward these eleven sentences transmitted in halves as proof that the communicating intelligence was really Mr. Myers. But they are conclusive proof that there was an unseen intelligence, which could and did successfully communicate sentences in halves to two persons, who received them by automatic writing, although they were separated by a distance of several miles. There was an intelligence at any rate, an intelligence of a high order, in whose communications there was nothing suggestive of falsehood or trickery, and this intelligence constantly declared that he was none other than Mr. Myers.

More "Letters From Julia."

During my stay in my place of rest at Ealing, I was asked by Julia, the author of the "Letters from Julia," who has never ceased for the last fifteen years to be in communication with me, if I would allow her the regular use of my hand for half an hour a day. Her reason for this was simple and practical.

The last Sunday that I was at Ealing, Julia wrote as follows:

"I remember fifteen years ago I postponed telling you about the new life into which I had entered until I knew more

about it. I have now lived many years on this side, I have learned much, and I am ready to teach it. I think that you will find it most profitable to allow me to tell you in my own way what, from my recollection of my earth-life, the mortals most wish to know. I will answer your questions as we go along.

"And in this way it will be a kind of encyclopedia of the other life which you will receive from me and the coadjutors whom I have here. It is true that I know but little. I have been but on the sea-shore. But I have been there. And I will tell you what I know. I will do so very simply. What seems to me clear is that the simplest things are not clear. You are all more or less confused. I was myself at first. I think I can with my helpers make many things clear, so clear that it will be a great comfort to the bereaved, and a great stay to the hearts of men and women who are engaged in their pilgrimage and warfare. You have much material already on your side.

"But as I can give this news to you at first hand you only need to allow me the regular use of your hand in order to obtain as much information about this world as, I may say, you could obtain from a friend who had gone to live in the depth of the sea with the fabled mermans. There are some things which are difficult to explain, others impossible, and some are forbidden to be explained. There is, however, a great body of simple truth which I think I can write with your hand if you will allow me."

We began next day, and she kept it up every day for fifteen days. Then she stopped and said I had better submit a copy of her communications to the persons whom I considered most interested in the subject. After I had gathered from them all their queries raised by the statements she had made she would answer them in detail. Julia began with describing the first impressions of the soul when it wakes after the change which we call death.

I asked Mr. Myers whether his impressions confirmed those of Julia. He wrote as follows: "Entirely, so far as I know things. My awakening was less a sense of bewilderment than one of intense satisfaction and peace; then came astonishment, not so much by reason of the fact that I

was myself (for I always had a strong instinct that did I survive physical death I should always retain my own individuality). I have in my earth life had many doubts, but I had an underlying conviction that did anything of me survive it, it would be a continuation of my own individuality. So there was first a remarkable peace, after what I imagine was long oblivion. Then with astonishment came curiosity, the wish to explore this new world, which is yet the

old, and above all the things an overwhelming dismay as I found wherein I had drawn so many false conclusions. The logical results—so-called—of speculative reasoning on the physical plane do not apply here at all. We have different elements, and are governed by different laws, and these laws I am at present engaged in investigating so far as I am permitted. And in time I will endeavor to communicate the results I obtain. I am in communication with several."—*From the Review of Reviews.*

Books and Periodicals

MISCELLANEOUS REVIEW

Health and Wealth from Within.

By William E. Towne, Associate Editor of
"Nautilus."

This book is a practical, concise, plainly written elucidation of the principles and practices of mental healing which is at present attracting such wide attention. Mr. Towne is particularly well qualified to write on this subject as he has been a close student of this work for the past fifteen years.

"Health and Wealth from Within" is not always dignified, nor even scientific. It is rather plain and homely in tone and "was written," Mr. Towne says, "with the fixed intention of stating the principles of new thought so clearly that anyone can apply them and receive the great benefits which I have received from this new way of life."

Mr. Towne's style is facile and his thought logical, and there is throughout the book a certain dry humor that is infectious. The chapter on "The Woman and The Man" is especially good, dealing with marriage as a means of developing character. Price of the book is \$1.00. Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

"Mind the Builder."

By A. A. Lindsay, M. D.

"Mind the Builder" is distinctly personal psychology of how to build body, mind, character and attain ideals in business, education and socially.

The New Psychology, 100 magazine size pages, cloth bound, \$1.25.

Mind the Builder, over 20,000 words, heavy fiber or paper bound, 50c; fine leather, stamped, \$1.00, postage prepaid.

Address Lindsay Publishing Co., Selling-Hirsch Bldg., Portland, Ore., or Peoples Bank, Seattle, Wash.

The Esperanto Student for March contains a selection from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Twice-told Tales," translated by Herman J. Weigand into a simple Esperanto which admirably reflects the style of the original. The department of Questions and Answers treats of matters of Esperanto grammar and usage. Mrs. Wilbur F. Crafts, the well-known journalist and religious worker, who has conducted a course in Esperanto for the Christian Herald, is continuing a similar course in The

Esperanto Student. Mr. Charles W. Stewart, of the Navy Department at Washington, contributes a study of Esperanto pronunciation. Mr. James F. Morton, of New York, has an instalment of his original story, "En Esperantujo" (that is, "In Esperantoland"), in which the characters talk, think, and live their daily lives in Esperanto. A variety of spicy selections from foreign Esperanto journals completes this interesting number. Published at Rutherford, N. J., at 50 cents a year.

The Christ of the Red Planet.

By Eleanor Kirk.

A vision and a visit to a neighboring planet. A far-off country as computed by miles, but next door when measured by spirit.

To those who desire proof of life everlasting, of the companionship of spiritual beings in our daily earthly life, THE CHRIST OF THE RED PLANET offers the most perfect and assuring testimony.

Price \$1.00. May be purchased of THE STELLAR RAY Book Department, or of W. F. Hubble, her son, at Kingston, N. Y.

A Little Land and a Living.

By Bolton Hall.

With a letter as an introduction by William Borsodi.

Is published by the Arcadia Press, New York, and may be purchased for \$1.00 from THE STELLAR RAY Book Department.

Mr. Bolton Hall is also the author of "Three Acres and Liberty," "Things as They Are," etc., etc. The attention of our readers has been called to this work in previous issues of THE STELLAR RAY, because it is such a practical, helpful book, containing valuable information for those who have country homes or garden plots, or who may be contemplating buying a home with land enough attached to plant either with fruits, flowers or garden truck.

For Sale—Best 250 acres in West Virginia; 225 acres improved; 3 sets of buildings. G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio.

Your name and address classified in nearly sixty magazines one year, which will reach nearly 12,000,000, and the Mansfield Real Estate Journal one year free for \$1.00. G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio.

Looking Forward for Young Men.

THEIR INTEREST AND SUCCESS. 12 mo., extra cloth. About 200 pages. By Rev. G. S. Weaver. \$1.00, 4s.

The hints and hits for young men contained in this work are in Mr. Weaver's best style, and relate to his Friends, Business, Politics, Money, Time, Ambitions, Reading, Pleasures, Hopes, Home, Habits, and it is his latest work.

FOWLER & WELLS Co., Publishers.

24 East 22nd Street. New York.

Peace, Power, and Plenty.

BY ORISON SWETT MARDEN,

Author of "Every Man a King," and Editor of Success.

335 pages, 12 mo., \$1.00 net. Postage, 10 cents.

"Never before in the history of mankind," says Dr. Marden, "has there been such an awakening to the great possibilities of the power of right thinking, as we are now witnessing in all civilized countries." This power of the thought-forces to mould destiny is the subject of his latest book, which is pronounced by several critics to be the most helpful and inspiring of all his well-known writings. Mr. Trine calls it "one of those rare books whose every page contains something of great suggestive value for the every-day life. It will be the call to a new, a fuller life to many thousands."

"Peace, Power and Plenty," is a volume of eighteen chapters, each of which is as happily entitled as the whole. Among them are: "The Law of Opulence," "Health Through Right Thinking," "Mental Chemistry," "Why Grow Old?" "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," and "Good Cheer—God's Medicine." The tone throughout is optimistic, sunny, inspirational. Dr. Marden is one of the greatest of modern forces for individual uplift and success. His writings are great storage batteries of power, reser-

voirs of sunshine, enormously potential to recharge the flagging wills of men. And unquestionably in a class with his ablest work must be placed this dynamo for good, "Peace, Power, and Plenty." Published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., of New York. For sale by THE STELLAR RAY Book Department.

Revelations of the Life Beautiful.

By M. Evalyn Davis.

Elegantly bound, blue and gold. Beautifully illustrated, 222 pages. Price \$1.00, foreign \$1.25. Baumgardt Publishing Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

Those who have enjoyed Trine's "In Tune With the Infinite," or Dresser's "Power of Silence," will welcome this new work teaching of the limitless power of man through the unfoldment of the mind. The book has an air of indescribable charm, is regal in tone and fearless in its presentation of the truth along the most advanced lines of thought.

"Revelations of the Life Beautiful," by M. Evalyn Davis, will appeal to the spiritually-minded, to the searcher after the esoteric in ethical living, to the mental scientist, be he Christian Scientist, or New Thought advocate, Universalist or Fellow-shiper. It is a good book for the quiet hour of meditation on "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely," for that hour when, in the words of the book, "you pause for greater strength to bide the harvest-time of God." The oneness of all life, the kinship of God and man, the omnipotence of mind over matter, the spiritual possibilities of all men are themes in this collection of epigrammatic poems in prose and metrical measure. Of the latter, "Earth's Magnets" and "Bros" are most musical and appealing, and over all hover suggestions of Emerson and John Muir.—*Samuel T. Clover, Editor Los Angeles Graphic.*

Very comprehensive in its scope, covering self-treatments, affirmations, visions, invocations, in prose and verse, ethical subjects, introspection, love of nature, etc.—*New Thought.*

This is a handsomely-bound volume, full of inspiring, uplifting sentiment. One cannot read these lines without feeling his kin-

ship with the All-Good. Here is, but one from the many gems of thought with which the entire volume abounds: "Let the rippling stream of life and health and youth effervesce and overflow within thee. Condemn not. Remember that all life is One. Stand on thy feet with this eternal truth flowing through thee, 'God's will, be done in me, and there is none other than God's will that can move me.'"—*Swastika Magazine.*

This book is filled with nuggets of wisdom, very bright, very interesting and very instructive.—*Washington News Letter.*

"Revelations of the Life Beautiful" is a most progressive work, and, coming as it does at this particular time, when the whole thinking world is reaching out for new ideas and helpful thoughts along the line of mind power, will be eagerly read, and with great pleasure and untold profit to the seeker after truth. It is beautifully gotten up and illustrated with scenes from the Yosemite Valley. Also a fine half-tone picture of the author.—*Velores C. Lewis, author of "Scientific Study of Life and Health, as Taught by Jesus," and a forthcoming book, "Rational and Scientific Mind Healing."*

New Physiognomy

OR SIGNS OF CHARACTER, as manifested through Temperament and External Forms, and especially in "The Human Face Divine." 8 vo., 768 pp. Portrait of Author and 1,055 Illustrations. By S. R. Wells. Cloth, \$3.00, 12s.

This is a comprehensive, thorough, and practical work, in which all that is known on the subject treated is Systematized, Explained, Illustrated and Applied. Physiognomy is here shown to be no mere fanciful speculation, but a consistent and well-considered system of character reading, based on the established truths of Physiology and Phrenology, and confirmed by Ethnology, as well as by the peculiarities of individuals.

I can sell your real estate or business no matter where located. Property or business of all kinds sold quickly in all parts of the U. S. for cash. Do not wait.

Write today. Describe what you have to sell and give cash price for same. If you want to buy any kind of business anywhere and at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money. Never make an assignment. Write me, I can save you, I can help you out. You always lose when you make an assignment of your property. G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio.

♦ ♦ ♦

Literary Note.

The latest word on "New Thought" is given by Dr. O. S. Marden's "Peace, Power and Plenty," a book recently published but already in wide demand. The publishers, Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., report a new large edition for this country, and also that a German edition is under way.

Read, consider, write. Cupp's Advertising Bureau, Mansfield, Ohio, is placing ads. in weeklies at 1/2c a line.

Agents Wanted—G. W. Cupp, Mansfield, Ohio.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ovide Musin,

the Belgian violin virtuoso, professor and composer, has decided, after repeated requests from American violinists who have studied with him in Europe, to establish permanently in New York City his special school for violin. A large number of students are already enrolled, and those who wish to study with Mr. Musin should apply at once for a hearing at Studio 810, Carnegie Hall, New York City. *Also Summer course.* Write for terms.

The Higher Spiritualism

By W. H. TERRY

Address Delivered Before the Victorian Association of Spiritualism in London, England, October 12, 1908.

There are three aspects in Modern Spiritualism: First, the scientific—comprehending the investigation of the physical phenomena, and determination of the nature and origin of the force producing it; next, the commonplace aspect—communications by table-moving, writing, rapping, or trance-messages, professedly from dear ones and friends who have "crossed the bar," often convincing of their identity, and as often the reverse; more or less inspired discourses rarely excelling the ordinary plane of intellectual teachings, and giving little proof of spiritual origin; and lastly, the "Higher Spiritualism," illustrated by the teachings received from spirits who have divested themselves from worldly errors and predilections, and reached the higher planes where love and wisdom are combined.

The scientific aspect is a necessary preliminary—it is as essential as a foundation

for the Spiritual edifice, as bricks, stone or cement are for a substantial material edifice. The commonplace is a transitory state, in which the mass of so-called Spiritualists, move hither and thither, sometimes in the light, sometimes in the shadows, to and fro, in the valley and on the hillsides, but rarely pursuing a steady upward path that would lead them to the light. Most of them have faith in the basic facts of Spiritualism and the nearness of the Spirit world, but few realize the import of the knowledge that has been given to them, or make any sustained effort to qualify themselves to be recipients of undiluted truth. Light has been thrown on the path from time to time, but worldly considerations have diverted them from following it. Teachings appealing to their intellects have been listened to and made more or less impression; which, however, has worn off in the attritions of everyday

life. Something is needed to awaken aspiration for better things. A knowledge that every worthy effort on their parts for more light will be responded to from the plane to which their aspirations ascend. Thousands of wise and loving spirits are waiting ready to give them all the light they are capable of absorbing, but they cannot descend into the valley. You must climb up the hill into a purer atmosphere, and these wise and loving spirits will meet you half way.

I am reminded here of a communication received through my own hand from Wm. Johnson Fox, member of Parliament for Oldham, England, and minister of the principal London Unitarian Church. My father was a member of his congregation, and took me sometimes to the service. Young as I was, it impressed me, as Mr. Fox's manner was so easy, and the expression of his countenance seemed to emphasize his words. I had an aversion to churchgoing as a rule, but this was an exception. When I acquired writing mediumship, my father, who held Mr. Fox in high estimation, expressed his surprise that his spirit had not communicated with him, and on the second occasion, when he spoke feelingly of his admiration of Mr. Fox, my hand was controlled and wrote a few words signed "W. J. Fox." They were not very coherent, but concluded with "I will come again." He came again, and explained his difficulty on the first occasion thus: When he awoke in the spirit world after his decease, his first thoughts were of his dear wife, and he was filled with a strong desire to see her and tell her that he still lived. He found himself in his old home, spoke to her, caressed her, but received no response, and concluded that he must wait till she followed him. My father's sympathetic thought had attracted him, but when he drew near, remembering his former experience he did not believe it possible to communicate until he was instigated by another spirit to try, which he did with only partial success. His communication on the second occasion was lucid and subsequently he wrote the following brief communication, which is not presented as anything remarkable, but as containing a paragraph that is particularly apropos to my subject:

"Truth, like the sun, resting upon the un-

folding soul causes it to turn its face to the author of all good; as the attractive power of your sun causes all vegetation to feel the attraction, and the result must be in accordance with the cause. It is quite impossible to divert the law of progression of one of the principles of the Divine Being.

* * * * *

"I have permission from your kind and indulgent friend to continue to write to you, it is a source of great, yea unbounded satisfaction, to give action to my mind in the cause for which my soul for many years was wrapt; I feel grateful to all of you to give me place with you, and with open minds ready to receive the few words I may be able to impress upon your medium. Could gold have bought, or any amount of labor have placed me in the position of the gift you have, when I was on earth, with what earnestness would I have endeavored to avail myself of the treasure; 'a pearl truly of great price,' I assure you, not to be given for the noblest kingdom under the sun. What is it that moves you to take the position you have done—is it not Love to God and man? I know it is, because I see the reflection of your minds, they are brighter than the noonday light."

W. J. Fox.

It is this latter part, his realization of the inestimable value of the knowledge we had of spirit communion and facilities for gaining knowledge of it from the spirit world which we have, to which I desire to call your attention. The mass of us do not realize the value of the treasure we possess; we only see the jewels in the rough, the perfect ones are out of sight, but within our reach. But nothing of real value can be obtained without effort or sacrifice, and though the pursuit of truth is arduous at first, the attainment fully compensates, as from time to time new vistas of it open out to you.

There is instruction and encouragement in this thought: What a grand prospect, well worthy of years of application for its attainment. When once the will power is centered on the task and the road fairly entered, the difficulties lessen, and the path becomes clearer. This "high standard" must be always kept in view, and everything that comes before the mind or is presented by spirits in the body or out of it must be test-

ed by reason; our faith must be a seeing faith, not a blind one. Bearing on this is the following extract from the spirit teachings received by the late Wm. Stainton Moses, M. A., all of which are of a very high order, viz.: "Religion, to be worthy of the name, must have its two sides—the one pointing to God, the other to man. What has the received faith, which is called Orthodox by its professors, to say on these points, and wherein do we differ in our message, and how far is such difference on our part in accord with reason? For at the very outset, we claim, as the only court to which we can appeal, the reason which is implanted in man. We claim it; for it was by reason that the sages settled the lists of the writings which they decided to be the exclusive and final revelations of God. To reason they appealed for their decision. To reason we appeal, too. Or do our friends claim that Divine guidance prescribed for them what should be for all time the body of revealed truth? We, too, are the messengers of the Most High, no less surely sent than the spirits who guided the Hebrew seers, and who ministered to those whose fiat settled the Divine word. We are as they; our message as their message, only more advanced; our God their God, only more clearly revealed, less human, more Divine."

This is in harmony with all my personal experience of intercourse with the higher planes of spirit life. Spirits from the wisdom spheres are never dogmatic, they appeal to your reason, and counsel you that if after full explanation your reason cannot assimilate it, either set it aside for future consideration or reject it. Many inquirers are led astray, into devious parts by taking all communications from the spirit world as true, but error is taught by honest spirits as it is by honest men in the body. It is truth as they know it, and you can get corroboration for any prevalent belief from sympathetic spirits, who hold that belief on earth, and often for lengthened periods, until the error of it becomes apparent to them; then more advanced intelligences approach, giving them truer perceptions of God's laws. There are Roman Catholic heavens, various Protestant heavens, Buddhist heavens, and many other heavens in the spheres nearest the earth, and spirits from these color their

communications with their religious beliefs as long as they continue to hold them. Hence the need to set aside all predilections or bias when seeking for truth from the spirit world, judging what you receive on its merits in the light of reason. Present day investigators do not as a rule enter into the investigation in the reverent spirit that was characteristic of the earlier stages of modern Spiritualism. Some take up the attitude of the physical scientist and demand proofs from the spirit world as a preliminary. Wise spirits will not respond to this demand any more than Jesus did when a sign was demanded of Him; and if undeveloped ones are willing and able to comply, they do it for their own gratification, and are unable to prove the source of the phenomena they produce.

There is nothing supernatural in spirit phenomena, or spirit teaching; it is all regulated by laws which are understood by wise spirits, which are beginning to be understood by a few on the earth plane. The way is open for many to learn and profit by them, but it implies application and study, which men give freely enough to questions of much less import.

Probably there are some among you who have had a foretaste of the intuitive reception of truth by hearing some affirmation made on some moral theme that you had not previously given attention to. You have been struck by its appositeness and convinced of its truth intuitively. Intuition grows with spirituality, and if you apply yourselves to the study of the higher teachings of Spiritualism, making its ethics a part of your daily life, you may become a law unto yourself; as high aspiration and the harmonization of soul and body will place you *en rapport* with the wisdom spheres, and the light of truth will come to you intuitively.—By courtesy of Editor of *Harbinger of Light*.

We call special attention to the advertisement in this issue of Prof. E. L. Larkin's important work, entitled "Radiant Energy." It should interest every intelligent reader.

The Message on the Milestone.

Philosophy for the Thinking Mind.

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Here and there about the Great Republic, from the Mexican border to the St. Lawrence, are still to be found those interesting relics of a former time, the moss-grown, time-worn stones by the wayside, which in old stage-coach days served to tell the distances from place to place.

These relics remind us of times when money was not king and true worth was a leveler of distinction, days when the simple life was the right of all who sought it, and when the deeds and lives of the Revolutionary fathers had not been forgotten, and, most important of all, when it was the highest honor in the republic for anyone of her citizens to be in public life. The tiller of the soil was the best-paid American. The milestones were the signs of rural life in its purest forms.

About these old milestones there is an interest quite human, for in thinking of the old stage-coach days it is simply impossible to discriminate between the faithful milestones and the men and women who watched so intently for their signs and tokens.

Some of these ancient stones were of marked artistic value; many of them were the media of a stalwart patriotism, and all of them were a familiar and indispensable part of the scenery along every turnpike.

Speaking of patriotism, witness the legend on one of the milestones still standing on the Old National Pike between Baltimore and Wheeling. There it stood, and there it stands, proclaiming to the passerby this unmistakable sentiment: "Our Country's Rights We Will Defend."

The old stone is split in two from top to bottom, but there it stands, still defying time and the elements, with its legend still clearly traceable, so that he who runs may read it.

About the old stage-coach days there is an interest that can never grow old. In fact, the farther we are removed from those days, and for the type of life they stood for, the more precious do they become to us, and in thought we return to them with

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the affectionate interest that is close to being reverence.

Unquestionably, they were fine old days. Their America was America, the land of plain living and high thinking, the abode of simplicity and democracy, wherein, at every turn, Burns' noble sentiment, "A man's a man for a' that," received a practical demonstration.

Along the old turnpike, from Baltimore northward and westward, every man was every other man's equal, his friend and brother, and between the passengers in the old stage-coach there was that gloriously healthy frame of mind which enabled them to "meet upon the level, and part upon the square."

There was no flunkysim, no lording it of one man over the other. All men were "fellow-citizens," and when palm touched palm there was the electric thrill of the Brotherhood-Spirit which needed no interpreter.

Along that old pike rode Clay, and Webster, and Andrew Jackson, and others of the "Mighty," and, besides them, abating no whit of self-respect or individual importance, rode the plainish yeoman of the land.

Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster and General Jackson were, of course, the recipients of a robust respect, but Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster and General Jackson were simply the fellow-citizens of the hard-handed men beside whom they were whirled along the way.

Mighty as those men were, they would not have dared to arrogate to themselves any superiority over the plain farmers and merchants who shared with them the hospitality of the stage-coach and the inn.

In those old days there were no millionaires and no tramps. Of this world's goods all had enough, and but few had a superfluity.

There were no fallacies like those now rearing themselves along the Euclid avenues, the Drexel boulevards and the Riverside drives. Nearly everyone lived in modest homes, and the measure of a man's success was not in his equipages or his dwelling, but in the manhood and decency of his soul.

In those old days—days gone by never more to return—men "made haste slowly." Ten miles an hour was considered a respectable speed. The demon that men have named "Hustle" was then unborn, and peo-



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ple went about their ways with the leisure and moderation of philosophers and Christians.

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As Henry D. Thoreau somewhere remarks: "What is the use of being in a great hurry to get somewhere if, being there, you have nothing in particular to say or do?"

The men of the old stage-coach days jogged along in a most leisurely way to their objective point, but when that point was reached they had something to say and something to do that has not yet ceased, and that never will cease, to influence for good the world in which we live.

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Were the people happier in the old stage-coach days? Did human life mean more in those days than it does now? Was there more heart, more sincerity, more real human feeling and human fraternity in those old times than there is today?

If the old milestones could speak, it might answer for us.

* * *

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"When we dream we are climbing the Alps, we are really doing so."

Theory of Astral Body.

Mr. Harrison holds to this belief. He does not believe everything we dream we really do. But he does believe that the astral body has the power of separating itself and going off on an excursion of its own. When a sleeper lies as though dead, every bit of animation apparently gone, the breathing hardly perceptible, the cheeks white, then he thinks the astral body is away—maybe across a continent. Try to awaken such a sleeper, and in some instances it is impossible. He must be allowed to sleep until he wakes naturally.

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